THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 13, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1059.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Traveller's Sentiments.

With no sister near you I've left my ware
A lonely, unprotected, stranger,
To all the strangers I see,
With no sister near you I've left my ware
A lonely, unprotected, stranger,
To all the strangers I see.

Whose eyes may glisten, my sorrow pen-sive,
My former self has been to flash,
Men's hearts and dispositions narrow;
But, gentle woman's ever kind.
Allow to every traitor feeling.
To deeds of mercy ever prone:
The woman's pity shall revive feeling
Will soft com-passion's sweetest tone
We proud defiet, our fond affection,
Stents the free bounty of their heart
They urge not from the red prisons
But cheerful aid at once impart.
Formed in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and solid,
Woman's the most endearing creature
In every land I've ever trod.
When pinch'd with cares, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave;
Nor from contempt have I been tainted
What resulted in the simple wave!
Her tender looks, her s-weet converse,
Shall comfort as the dawning soul,
Woman's the most endearing general blessing,
From sultry India to the pole.
Cincinn. O. Oct. 30th. 1841.

B.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

O, Mother Dear We Left.

O! now you the best of a the fall of the year,
When the frost-cap begins to reckless career!
How sadly it wither'd, and its mortal how drew
As a fiel from its bough at the fall of the year

The sun that all summer shone vividly bright,
The charms of his beams shed a sadly light
The frost-spun breath'd over nature in sight,
And the leaves of the forest were changed in a night.

So must like the leaf at the fall of the year,
When death past i sing to his varied career;
Like the leaf that's decay'd at the fall of the year
Like the leaf that has drop'd at the fall of the year

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Recollections of a

FRENCH MAD-HOUSE BY A MADMAN.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

As I was sauntering along the *Rue Richelieu* about six o'clock, in the evening, I met with a couple of fellow-students, who seized me behind. I attempted resistance—I was powerless. In vain pale, and almost choked with anger, I cried out "Let me go, I say!" "Never! Could I withstand such authority as this! I was not indecisive, and I used to count well the cost of my strokes. I found myself thrown into a coach which was waiting to receive me.

The drive was brief. The men who accompanied me, talked of the beauty of the city, the coolness of the night, and if I but replied, advised me to call forth my courage and shout forth a song. "Why should I have occasion for courage given by a Monsieur?" I have a *Monsieur* of my own to contract with a man, except to arrest him from inflame!

Our progress was slow; and my heart, though horribly tortured by mysterious dread, had time to become full with another feeling—that of indignation. To be inflamed by a *Monsieur*! What an outrage on a free citizen! The Monsieur's, with my total extinction, from the catalogue of parent civil house can end, be in the agent of force. No, *Monsieur Bombardier* the man must be extinguished, and for he he even that wretch all other men dread the most—Public Contempt.

We were at length to our journey's end. I remember the minute circumstances of those heavy and eternal hours which tortured me so horribly. We have so many of the pleasures and pains! I thought I was dreaming—I wished to know, yet feared to learn.

I had ample time for observation The weakness of my body awakened the sensibility of my mind. A little man, round, red, and pimpled, was seated in an armchair, looking at me with angry eyes, and hugging at my rather complicated watch. I had bought it at Geneva. I had twice turned away from this face so singularly insignificant and common—but still he sighed out with his solemn grin. I thought of a true insult, and my fingers of iron were already burning around his neck, when a soft and compassionate voice broke on my ear. The voice of a woman has done power to calm the workings of my excited soul—I obeyed,—my lip evaporated, and I seemed visible patient, to the contemplation of a statute placed on the piano-forte by a female boarder about twenty years of age. Well I—I was mad—for I afterwards learned, when not playing upon the piano-forte.

But the *Procureur de Roi* came not, and there was a profound silence in the next room, where, as I supposed, I should be subjected to a painful trial.

"Shut the gentleman's watch in his case," said the lunatic-lord fiery to a servant, who had not left my side since my entrance. He led the way. I followed him in silence and solemnity. After traversing innumerable and accordingly many staircases, I was forcibly thrust into a room whose windows were guarded with iron bars and lattice-work of the same metal. A rusty bed, two chairs, and a small mattress, composed the furniture of my apartments.

My conductor had been joined by one of his comrades. "What are you doing! What do you want?" I said. "We are in our own apartments."

"I want nothing; leave me."

"I am not ordered to leave you, sir."

"I will the *Procureur de Roi* soon come!"

"It will not be long first, sir."

He left me. I took the hint: if he wishes to exercise me, for I was losing my strength."

I went to bed only half undressed.

"If you please, sir, I have brought you a little water in that jug."

"Why barley water?"

"Dr. Blanche ordered it."

"Where am I then?"

"At Dr. Blanche's."

The fire fell from my eyes. I thought myself a conspirator. I was discovered that I was only a madman.

Dr. Blanche came in. I courageously prepared myself for the prompt-ness for his language, for from contending me, from the little blood that remained in my body. He talked to me of murder, assassination, incendiarism. These were the words fixed upon. I thought him mad, and I joined him—I, whom hope seemed to pity.

All night a man followed in the next room. It was a monster demanding his liberty. As for me, I contemplated in calm despair, the walls and bars by which I was surrounded. I had a thousand lives for suffering, but not a single hand to strike with.

Dr. Blanche returned. His sophisms of reason quieted the effervescence of my ideas, and I thought no more of self-destruction. Wrapped in a brown cloak, a young man of fine and manly mien offered his life to his body and meditation. The fire of two pistols had been amiable to destroy him. Both balls had traversed his upper jaw, and passed out under between his eyes. Some bones are cruelly penetrated by fate! This unhappy man is still alive!

Another self-limited individual was a smiling connoisseur and gracious expression, seated himself next to me, and politely inquired after my health. I knew not what I answered; but he took a violin, and, with remarkable taste and precision, played variations upon a well known air. "Oh! Oh! I shall find him some employments. "Oh! Oh!" replied he, "I have many other talents! I perfectly understand being a Georgian Minuet, or a Neapolitan Peasy; sir, do you remember what you have been? When the brain leaves your head to pass into another." Mad. Blanche told him to be silent, and he obeyed, laughing.

I had leave to walk in the court and garden. Here I saw and associated with my companions in misfortune, in full possession of my reason. At least I think so.

On the ground floor, opposite my window, was a kitchen from the keenness of all her sensibilities, and the other time that brightens as her life grows dim, and then she had lost her husband her her life strings. He could not be persuaded to the contrary, and he wept over her with a bitterness that blighted life's richest blossoms.

Well Adela continued to droop until all that remained of her former self was expression, the smile, the spirit of the eye, and the music of the voice. Yet she was not, and even now, is not grossly conscious. People said she was dying, but she would be well when Ralph came home to live, but I had seen too much hope that. The strings of her life were attuned to the high a key; they rent breaking by their own tension. She is reduced

They call the age wild, lawless, presumptuous, without reverence. All men, they tell us, are bursting their spheres, quitting their ranks, aspiring selfishly after gain and [illegible]. The blind multitude are breaking [illegible] bonds. The poor, who are the majority, are conspiring against the rich. [illegible] threatens destruction to the world under the name of Reform; society totters; property is shaken; and the universal freedom of thought and action, of which so many boast, is the precursor of social storms, which only despotism can calm. Such are the alarms of not a few; and it is right that should utter its prophecies as well as hope. But it is the true office of fear to give a wise direction to human effort—not to chill or destroy it. To despair of the race, even in the worst times, is unmanly—unchristian. How much more so in times like these! What I most lament in these apprehensions, is the utter distrust of human nature which they discover. Its higher powers are thought only to be restrained. They are thought to be safe only when in fetters. To me there is an approach to impiety in thinking so meanly of God's greatest work. Human nature is not a tiger which needs a constant chain. In this case it is the chain which makes the tiger. It is the oppressor who has made man fit only for the yoke.—*Dr. Channing.*

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances.* Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair start* together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ Samuel Arnold, now of Smith County, Tennessee, is not now, nor has he ever been, an agent of the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, consequently his receipts are not valid. We gave a similar notice in November, 1839.

To Correspondents.

"The Blind Warrior," certainly. Many thanks to our fair correspondent. Her communication shall appear in next week's Post. "*Ich dien.*"

"The Roman Song of Triumph" is on file for insertion, and shall appear soon.

"Oh While ever I Roam" is under consideration.

"Lines" by R. H. are given out. We like to welcome such an old friend.

"Music" is well written. Look for it soon.

We have received several answers to various charades, enigmas, &c. but they generally come to hand after our publication of the answer. Our correspondents will therefore understand why their communications have not appeared.

"The Farewell" is laid over for consideration. Our chief objection to it is the length of the verses.

"The Fate of Genius" may perhaps appear at an early day. Its extreme length will make its advent subservient to circumstances.

"R. H. B's" communication is on file, and shall shortly be given to our readers.

The "Sonnet" of T. J. P. is accepted. The crowded state of the columns of the Magazine forbids us to promise when the article shall appear.

Animal Magnetism.

If there are periodical seasons for epidemics, there are periodical seasons for jugglers. If the world gets at stated periods too crowded and requires the interposition of wars and pestilences to carry off its excess, so the public mind appears at times to become wearied out with things that are common place and calls in the aid of magic, or some other wonder to relieve it. During the last thirty years we have had a succession of these "strange sciences" forming a catalogue almost as long, and quite as ridiculous, as that of the British Kings before the landing of Cæsar. One wonder has come and gone only to be succeeded by another, like the shadowy figures that we see sliding through a magic lantern.

Of these "strange sciences" mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism, is the newest and most strange. Its professors throng our cities; its believers gape in all our exhibition rooms. The expounders of this noble discovery profess to be actuated only by the most disinterested motives, but always take care to empty the pockets of their visitors. But "*vive la humbug.*" If the lookers on are fleeced, it is because they submit to it. Who would not make money on the same terms?

We threw out a few brief hints on this subject a fortnight back; and now return to it to dismiss it forever. Whether a subject can be thrown into what is called a magnetic sleep we do not at present intend to enquire, further than to say that the term *magnetic* "smells rank" of cant—and that, admitting that manipulation, &c. has *any effect* on a person, *it is plain,* from the experiments put forth by the mesmerists, that such an effect is produced only on nervous subjects, and that the result is not always the same. For instance, one person is put into what is perhaps a cataleptic sleep, another person is only affected about the face, and yet another person is acted on solely in one limb. Now—granting that there is no collusion in these experiments—is it not evident, that the much talked of results, are merely affections of the nervous system produced by manipulating? How often do we see persons affected, now to convulsive laughter, now to a tremor of the whole system, and now almost to a paralysis of the physical system, by the motion of a hand, as if about to tickle the subject, and yet without touching the person thus operated on! What is there new in this? And yet call it *magnetism,* and lo! it becomes a wonder.

That a person, in a magnetic slumber, can read with the eyes bandaged, or discern things held behind the back, is disproved by every experiment made under circumstances where collusion is impossible. Not satisfied with what has occurred in America we have looked through some of the foreign journals for information on this point, and we gather from them universally that all *real* experiments in mesmerism have proved failures. No subject—be they even magnetized from top to toe—has the power of seeing with the eyes bandaged, and describing scenes with accuracy a dozen squares off. We learn from the London Lancet, that M. Burdin, some time since, offered a prize of three thousand francs to any Mesmerist who should produce a somnambulist, capable of reading with the eyes bandaged. The time fixed for the achievement of this feat was three years, which have recently expired, and not a single individual was found within that period, able to read, even through a thin sheet of paper.—Some time since, a gentleman named *Frappart,* made a considerable noise in *Paris,* with his experiments on Animal Magnetism, and challenged M. Gerdy to be a witness of his pupil's performances. The lady, M'dlle. Pigeaire played at cards, and read with her eyes bandaged. The eyes were covered with a cotton bandage, a pad of cotton wool, and a band of black velvet, fixed to the skin with strips of court plaister. When somnambulism was induced, the young lady complained of uneasiness and pain in her head, raised and depressed her eyebrows violently, struck her head with her hand, and led Gerdy to suppose that the bandages were displaced before the vision was effected, particularly as she always directed her eyes towards the object, and saw only when her head was turned in a particular direction.

It is stated further, that M. Gerdy consented subsequently to have some Mesmeric Experiments performed at his own residence. Collyns (the patient) was Mesmerised, and M. Gerdy applied the bandage, which was speedily by the contractions of the muscles of the eyebrows and face rendered very loose. M. Gerdy replaced it—and Collyns displaced it several times. At last the somnambulist in his *deep sleep,* said he should never see if he were disturbed *every* instant. He attempted to play at cards—failed, and tore off the bandage in no ill humor.

Still another trial took place, but with like success—and the editor of the Lancet remarks that "if there be any fools who delight in the tricks of professors of the Mesmeric art, and who really believe that the results of certain gazings and manipulations are not tricks, we can only say that we have no desire to interfere with the enjoyments of such persons."

So much for the unbiassed opinion of men not only capable of judging rightly of the subject, but carrying on their experiments with a determination of learning the truth.

The experiments at the Masonic Hall, in this city, it is proper to add, have made some converts, but have generally resulted in failures. Mr. Johnson deserves credit for his perseverance, but he does not always succeed in magnetizing his subjects. The proper method is to exercise the art on persons chosen indiscriminately from the crowd and not on a member of the operator's family. In no other manner can a lecturer expect to gain credence for Mesmerism.

SATURDAY POST.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Remittals must always state the Post-office removed from, if we wish us to have the paper sent to be addressed.

Financial Record.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for
$730 shares Girard Bank.	104½
600 do United States Bank.	3½
100 do Bank of Penn Township.	4
100 do Bank of Northern Liberties.	4
100 do Penn'a Railroad Bonds.	81
111 do Mechanics Bank.	71
100 do Vicksburg Bank.	9
50 do Phil. & Wil. & B. R. R.	26½
64 do Reading R. R.	39½
100 do Morris Canal.	39½
50 do Union Bank, Tenn.	41½
100 do Mechanics Bank.	71
50 do Southwark Bank.	71
31 do Western Bank.	39
10 do Schuylkill Navigation Co.	9
10 do Commercial Bank.	41
50 do American Fire Insurance Co.	60½
10 do Exchange Bank. Pitts.	38
10 do Girard Bank.	104
8 do Southern Insurance Co.	91
5 do Schuylkill Navigation.	9
$100 United States Bank Notes.	3½
$1000 United States Bank Notes.	65

New Counterfeits.

Northern Bank of Kentucky.—100's letter B payable to H. Moore, Bank Cashier, dated 1836. M. T. Scott as the Jno. W. Tilford, President. Vignette dark and imperfect.

Farmers' Bank, New York.—10's letter B, 2d Sept'mber, dated June 2nd 1840. M. H. Falls, Cashier, Protected Fish, President. Vignette dark and imperfect. some hand.

Farmers' Bank, Hartford, Connecticut.—50's altered from 5's. The 5's have the portrait of Lafayette on the left, and on the right a figure of Liberty, with the word "Five" on the shield. The 50's have the portrait of Washington on the left, and on the right a figure of Justice—underneath, and the middle vignette is a view of a steamboat. The 50's are altered from 5's, principally by capital, by which the altered notes may be detected.

The Schuylkill Bank.—A meeting of the stockholders of this Institution was held in this city, on Monday a few days since, at which, Dr. J. R. Coxe presided, and Mr. Klein acting Secretary. The Directors submitted a statement of the affairs of the Bank, showing that the assets amount to about $950,000 over liabilities to capital, by a handsome correspondence between the Directors of the Bank and Mr. Biddle, the late President, which, with several resolutions, were ordered to be published on the table. A committee was appointed for the purpose of forming a ticket to be supported at the election, after which the meeting adjourned.

Schools in Massachusetts.—The Boston Times says that the amount of money raised for schools this year, throughout the State, for school purposes, was $761,075 72, which shows the astonishing increase of the regular revenue appropriated to the same object, of $5,538 98, exclusive of the annual appropriation of $50,000 for the literary fund. The number of children between the ages of four and sixteen is 250,000 and upwards. The average sum appropriated to the instruction of each child, is $3 07.

Counterfeit.—Five hundred and fifty market wagons, filled with all the substantials which the vicinity of Cincinnati is capable of producing, are said to be in the streets of each other along the market place on Saturday last. In addition to the profusion of substantials, the Cincinnati Gazette, then offered, the stalls in the market possessed an abundance of finer commodities, such as 6 coons, 4 opossums and ducks at 40 cents a pair. So says the last Republican.

Rebekah.—The steamboat Illinois, was robbed of $2500 worth of dry goods on the 23d. The next day the goods were found concealed in the cabin of two free blacks named Reffee, Englebrecht, on their from three miles distant, and were identified by the clerk of the Illinois. On examination, one of them was released, and the other, with a man named Allen, fully committed for trial.

Currency of Georgia.—Governor McDonald recommends the support of the Constitutional Currency, the establishment of a single Bank at the principal seaport of Georgia, with branches, and that the present Bank charters should not be renewed or extended.

Lynch.—A letter from Galveston says:—"Levin, the great Philadelphia financier, as well known as the notorious counterfeiter of Monte Phillips, Esq. alone five miles from the city, which is now known by the appellation of Levin's Retreat."

Dividends.—The Directors of the Farmers Bank of Lancaster have declared a dividend of $1.25 per share.

The Commercial Bank of Natchez, Miss. has declared a dividend of 2 per cent. per share.

Lotteries.—The Britannia brought 13,000 letters, nearly 1000 of which were for the press, and the postage on these for that city alone amounted to about $15,000.

School Fund.—The sum of $31,087 is distributed annually in Connecticut, among the several counties as a poor school fund.

Political Intelligence.

New York Election.—The election throughout the State of New York, for members of the State Legislature, took place on Monday, the 2nd inst. and on tuesday of last week. A member of Congress was also elected on the district recently represented by Mr. Hoyt, commonly called Granger's district. The Democratic party has elected a majority of the Senate, and so many members of the House as hardly to leave the Whigs a minority. In the city of New York, the Whigs (Messrs. Vanzandt and Purdy, (Dem.) had, respectively, for Senators, 16,456, 16,512. Freedom ticket, 1,000, 1,014. Dem. 16,131. The Catholic ticket polled about 2,000 votes. Vanzandt and Franklin will be elected in the Senatorial district, comprising the city and county of New York, and the counties of Richmond and Queens. The former by 177 majority, and the latter by 51. Of the 13 members of Assembly chosen, the Whigs have elected 7 and 3 Whigs. As far as heard from, the Democrats have elected 8 of the 10 Senators chosen, which will make the next Senate stand 17 Democrats to 15 Whigs; and 69 Democrats to 59 Whigs in the House consists of 128 members;—consequently the Democrats will have a large majority. In the last House there are 66 Whigs, 62 Van Buren.

Frank Granger is elected to Congress from his old district, by a majority of 411. There appears to have been a great falling off on the Democratic vote.—some 6000 to 10,000 in the City of New York alone.

The Legislature opposite nearly all the high officers of State—such as Secretary, Comptroller, Treasurer, &c. &c.

Massachusetts Election.—The election in Massachusetts has resulted in the success of the Whig candidate for Governor, Hon. Marcus Morton, by a majority of 7,931. The Senate stands five or six Whigs, and majority over Morton. The Democratic candidate Bateman from which the Democrats gain three Senators. 14,853;—majority 1,061. Forty-two towns remain to be heard from, which will somewhat reduce the majority. The Whigs have elected twenty-three Senators to the Legislature, securing them a majority of six, on joint ballot. Representatives to the House. The Whigs will have a large majority in the latter.

Michigan Election.—The Michigan State election for Governor and Legislature has resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket, by about 1,000 majority. The Whigs elect the Lieutenant Governor, and probably a majority of the Senate. The Democrats have elected thirty-six members of the House, out of 76;—a majority of 4. We have received the Detroit Free Press extra, giving the returns so far as received from 47 counties in Michigan has followed the other states, and gone for the Democrats. Detroit has given a majority of 1,000 votes for Governor, 581 majority. Last year Harrison had 94 in the same place. All the rest of the county will give some 300 or 400 majority, and the Democrats will elect both Senators and Members. There is a large majority of the Whigs having the Senate.

Mississippi Election.—The election in Mississippi for Governor and Legislature has resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket, by about 1,000 majority. The Whigs elect the Lieut. to continue three days. The Democrats have elected thirty-six members of the House, out of 76;—a majority of 4. We have received the Detroit Free Press extra, giving the returns so far as received from 47 counties in Michigan has followed the other states, and gone for the Democrats. Detroit has given a majority of 1,000 votes for Governor, 581 majority. Last year Harrison had 94 in the same place. All the rest of the county will give some 300 or 400 majority, and the Democrats will elect both Senators and Members. There is a large majority of the Whigs having the Senate.

Missouri Election.—The election in Missouri

THE OLIO.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My Coat.

Remain with me, oh my lov'd old coat,
In peace together let us both grow old,
For ten long years, my comfort to promote,
My care has been thy beauty to uphold.
Though fate attack thee with unsparing hand,
Fearless, like me, be firm, resist with art,
He is the victor who can fate withstand,
My lov'd old friend, oh do not let us part.

Though long the time, yet I remember well,
When on my birth-day I first put thee on,
Of thee my friends sang with a merry swell,
And prais'd thy beauty 'till the rising sun.
Thy indigence, just object of my pride,
Binds them in love to me, and none depart,
They'll feast as yet, for us they'll still provide,
My lov'd old friend, oh do not let us part.

Ever did I, ambition by my side,
Down at the shrine of fortune prostrate fall?
Or, with fawning, to gratify my pride,
E'er on the great or mighty did I call?
The fool will for riband lose his soul,
Th' ambitious man will meanly sell his heart,
A simple flow'r adorns thy button-hole,
My lov'd old friend, oh do not let us part.

Of weal and woe, we've had an even share,
Have keenly felt life's pleasure and its pain,
Joy reigning now, and now corroding care,
An equal part of sunshine and of rain.
Ere long, with me, life's fev'rish dream must end,
The time will stop the beatings of this heart,
Oh, wait a while for me, my good old friend,
My lov'd old friend, oh do not let us part.

LAPON.

ANECDOTE.—The New York Sun tells a good [...]

The Philosophy of Storms.*

(The following article is an able review of Mr. Espy's theory of Storms, taken from a late number of the Merchant's Magazine. Our readers will be interested with the subject, with the manner in which it is treated, and with the solid information it contains. Mr. Espy's theory is well based on facts—are his deductions sound?—*Eds. Post.*)

Franklin was, we believe, the first to discover that our great northeast storms "travel against the wind." A violent rain having set in at Philadelphia, from the northeast, he naturally enough supposed that the storm came from that direction, and was greatly surprised, on consulting the passengers from New York and Boston, to find that it commenced raining at New York several hours after the storm set in at Philadelphia, and that the time of its reaching Boston was still later. The same anomaly was also observed by Dr. Mitchell: but it remained for Mr. Redfield, of New York, to establish, by the most satisfactory proofs, the route pursued by these storms. In his papers on this subject he has fully demonstrated that they often originate in the Windward Islands of the West Indies, where they are mostly small and round, and progress in a curve toward the northwest, enlarging as they advance, and at latitude 30 inclining more to the north. Beyond this they curve to the northeast, and so far as he has been able to trace them, they pursue a direction more or less toward the east.

Mr. Redfield has also attempted to show that in all our great storms, the wind gyrates in the form of a whirlwind; and in this he has been followed on the other side of the Atlantic, by Colonel Reid, [...]

[...] will form other cumuli, and so the process will be continued."

But, it may be asked, if the air in a cloud is lighter than that which surrounds it, and in consequence possesses a self-sustaining principle, why all forming clouds do not increase till they produce rain? We shall answer this question by another quotation from Mr. Espy's book. In his introduction, on page 16, he says: "Neither can clouds form of any very great size, when there are cross currents of air sufficiently strong to break in two an ascending current, for the accessional power of the upmoving current will thus be weakened and destroyed. Immediately after a great rain, too, when the upper air has yet in it a large quantity of caloric, which it received from the condensation of the vapor, the upmoving columns which may then occur, on reaching this upper stratum, will not continue their motion in it far, from the want of buoyancy; therefore, they will not produce rain, nor clouds of any kind, but broken cumuli. Besides, as the air at some distance above the surface of the earth, and below the base of the cloud, is sometimes very dry, and as much of this air goes in below the base of the cloud and up with the ascending column, large portions of the air in the cloud may thus not be saturated with vapor, and, of course, rain in this case will not be produced. These are some of the means contrived by nature to prevent upmoving columns from increasing until rain would follow. Without some such contrivances, it is probable that every upmoving column which should begin to form cloud when the dew point is favorable, would produce rain, for as soon as cloud forms, the upmoving power is rapidly increased by the evolution of the caloric of elasticity."

[...]

From the Knickerbocker for November.

The Mariner's Song.

A WINTER NIGHT AT SEA.

'Tis a bitter cold night on the wintry sea,
And cheerless the winds are blowing,
But I know that at home there's a heart for me
With the warmest true love glowing.
Then here's to the lassie of sweet sixteen,
With her rosy lips and her bright blue een,
God bless her!
Oh! how I long, on this wintry night,
To throw my arms round that form so light,
And to my bosom press her!

'Twas a summer eve, when the day was done,
And the sun had sunk in the billow,
That I met my love by the brook alone,
Down by our trysting-willow;
The big tear stood in her lustrous eye,
And her white bosom heaved with a heavy sigh,
God bless her!
She laid her head on my breast and wept,
And the warm tear down my bosom crept,
As to my heart I press'd her.

"I know, I know," thus the dear one spake,
"That you will love me ever;
But oh! my bursting heart will break,
If now for aye we sever!"
I bade her dry her gushing tears,
And give to the winds her foolish fears,
God bless her!
"The fleeting year will soon pass by,
And then to my love I'll return," said I,
As to my heart I press'd her.

Then what though the wind is blowing cold,
As we fly o'er the freezing billow!
I know as we sweep past each land-mark old,
I am nearing my home and the willow
And soon, oh! soon on my native shore
I shall meet my love—we shall part no more—
God bless her!
And then what words can paint the bliss,
Of the warm embrace and the rapturous kiss,
When again to my heart I press her!

Providence, (R. I.) Sept. 1841. O. C. F.

From the Ladies Companion, for November.

The One Fault.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs."

"Who could have believed it possible," said Charles Wharton, as he sat at the breakfast-table, impatiently awaiting the tardy appearance of his wife; "who could have believed it possible that a single fault should neutralize so many good qualities." He leaned his head on his hand, and a feeling of mortification and disgust arose in his mind, as his eye glanced over the rumpled napkins, ill-cleaned knives, and soiled table-cloth, whose varied stains told of the double duty which it was daily called upon to perform. The entrance of Mrs. Wharton at length disturbed his unpleasant meditations, but he was so thoroughly out of humor, that [...]

[...] he was the son of a sensible and good mother, and her influence had made him worthy of so sensible and good a wife. Mary Lee's pretty face and frank simplicity of character, had attracted him, when she first entered society. Her unalterable good humor was an additional charm, and when he found her possessed of a fund of sound practical good sense, which needed only time to develope itself, he hesitated not to offer to her acceptance his heart and hand. During the first intoxication of youthful love, he could see no defects in her character, no spots in the sun which shed so much light upon his existence. Her cheerful smiles, her bright face, her bird-like voice, all acted upon him like enchantment, and with a degree of enthusiasm which usually ends in disappointment, he exalted her into an object of adoration. He was ten years her senior, and the light-hearted girl received his homage with an elation of spirit which tended to increase rather than subdue the levity of her disposition.

I wonder if it ever occurred to a discontented husband that much of the discomfort of his married life might be attributed to this over-estimation which is so general a characteristic of the days of courtship. To man, love is but the interlude between the acts of a busy life—the cares of business, or the severe studies of a profession are the *duties* of his existence, while the attentions which he bestows on the young and fair being whom he has chosen to share his future lot, are the actual pleasures of his life. He comes to her weary with the sordid anxieties or the oppressive intellectual labors in which he has been engaged, and he finds her ever the gentle minister to his happiness, while the atmosphere which surrounds her, is one of such purity and peace, that all his better nature is awakened by her presence. What marvel, then that he should make her the idol of his dreams, and enthrone her on high in his imagination, as the good genius of his life! Wilfully blind to [...]

[...] tened to seek his enjoyments elsewhere, found always something to censure at home. Fortunately his good principles kept him from the haunts of dissipation, or he might have added another to the list of those who have been driven, by an *ill-ordered home*, to a *well-ordered* tavern or billiard-room. His mother had long seen and mourned his evident disquiet, and, while she partially divined its cause, was in doubt as to the course which she ought to pursue. She was aware of the danger of interference in the domestic concerns, but she could not bear to see her son and his sweet-tempered wife so estranged from each other.

"You are unhappy, Charles," said the old lady, one day, when they were alone. "Will you not tell me the cause of your trouble? is it your business?"

"No, mother, my business was never in a more prosperous condition."

"Then something is wrong at home, my son; can you not confide in me?"

"Oh, there is nothing to tell; Mary is one of the best-hearted and good-tempered creatures in the world, but—"

"But what, Charles?"

"She has one fault, mother, and it is about the worst she could have."

"The worst, Charles? is she ill-tempered, or deficient in affection for you? does she run into extravagant expenses for dress or company?"

"Why, mother, you know she has none of those defects."

"Then, Charles, she has not the worst faults she might have."

"Well, well, perhaps I used too strong a term, but really I am heartsick—I have a house, but no home—I have servants, but no service from them—I have a wife, but no helpmeet; I cannot yet afford to keep a housekeeper, and until I can, I see no probability of finding comfort at home. Mary is [...]

[...]

"But you would have much less trouble if we were at board."

"And much less enjoyment, too, dear Charles; 'life's cares' are certainly very like 'life's comforts,' in the domestic circle, whatever they may be elsewhere. I assure you that the gratification which a woman derives from the consciousness that she is essential to the happiness and even to the daily pleasures of those she loves, fully compensate her for all trouble."

"It is a pity all wives did not think so, Mary."

"It is a pity all females were not taught this truth before marriage, Charles; I have not forgotten my own past errors, nor the kindness of your good mother, to whose wise counsels I owe my present happiness."

"Nor should you forget, sweet one, the energy and patience and self-denial of my own dear wife, who accomplished what few women would have been willing to do, when she persevered in conquering the evil effects of early indulgence."

"Call it early *neglect*, Charles; that mother sadly mistakes the nature of indulgence, who, to save her daughter from trifling discomforts in youth, allows her to grow up in ignorance of those duties which, in after life, are so essential to her welfare."

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